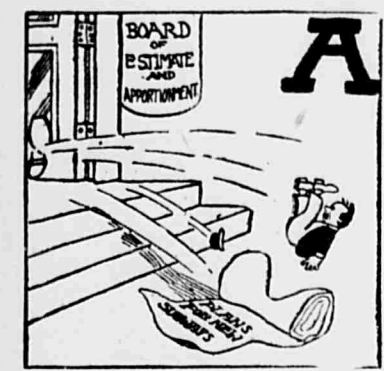


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A SUBWAY VETO.



ACCORDING to semi-official announcement, Mayor McClellan will spend no money on new subways. It is his intention to leave this most important matter to his successor, and the Mayor's term will not expire until Dec. 31, 1909, unless earlier terminated by the quo warranto proceedings to test his title.

The city's present borrowing capacity of \$36,000,000, the additional \$40,000,000 on July 1

through the increase in real estate assessments and the increase next year are to be swallowed up in other things than new subways.

Spending money is not hard, as the present administration has amply proved. To a Mayor who issued \$135,000,000 of bonds in the first two years of his administration it is no task at all to issue \$96,000,000 in the last two years.

A few more Kissena and Hamilton parks, a few batches of rotten hose, a few repavement contracts, and a little general sprinkling of money everywhere will make \$96,000,000 vanish like the snow in a March fog.



This money would suffice to build a new subway from the city line in the Bronx to Coney Island. The plans for such a subway have already been drawn by the Public Service Commission. The one thing that prevents its construction is the veto of Mayor McClellan and Comptroller Metz.

There has been no lack of funds to build extensions to the Belmont subway at the city's expense, or to organize a Catskill guard of 2,000 men, or to pay an exorbitant price for the Montauk Theatre, or to buy an unprofitable ferry from R. Fulton Cutting's brother.

There is money for everything except for the subways, and subways are what the people need and want most.

Without new subways, and with the Jersey tunnels open, there will be an emigration to New Jersey which will lower real estate values in the Bronx, Queens County and Brooklyn, will cause builders there to suspend operations, and throw thousands of men out of work, and will diminish the city's tax receipts through lower valuations.

New subways would solve the Coney Island five-cent fare even better than the Evening World's Coney Island Five-Cent Fare bill. The most that bill can do is to make the fare a nickel from the Brooklyn Bridge to Coney Island. A passenger from Queens County or the Bronx would still have to pay ten or fifteen cents. With an interborough subway it would cost only five cents to get from the Bronx to Coney Island.

New subways would divert travel from the existing traction monopoly. They would take the strap-hangers from the elevated and the Belmont subway. They would relieve the crowded travel of the east side, where there is no subway now. They would develop the Bronx and Brooklyn.

Evidently Mayor McClellan intends to carry out his spoken promise of retiring from public life at the end of his present term.

On the issue of whether the city's money is to be wasted on Kissena parks and Catskill guards or expended on new subways no candidate for office in this city could poll one honest vote in ten.

Letters from the People.

Life in the Navy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to L. M. R., who asks if it is worth while for a young man to join the navy, I would say to him that the sooner he joins the United States Navy the better for him. The men are well fed, well clothed and get good, healthy exercise. The writer spent the first few years of many at sea in the navy. The good training he received there came in very handy on taking charge of a fine sailing ship when only twenty-three years of age.
J. S. G.

Apples and Insomnia.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A reader asks how to cure sleeplessness. Eat a raw apple at bedtime. Scraper or chew it very fine. Don't look at it, as that destroys a certain acid which makes you sleep. To have fresh air in the bedroom in cold weather without the draught coming direct on the body raise the lower window a foot high or more fill out the space with a good-fitting board. The fresh air coming in from between the two windows goes straight up to the ceiling.
GERMAN NURSE.

The Compound Interest Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A reader asks how much money must be left to three sons, aged eighteen, fifteen and twelve, so that at compound interest each shall have the same amount at twenty-one. I figure that an amount of \$1,000.00 will do it.
WILLIAM BROWN.

eighteen is \$2,949.75; for the son aged fifteen it is \$3,318.67; for the son aged twelve it is \$3,722.20. A total of \$10,000.
A. G. CALDWELL.

Wants Cure for Smoking.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Would some reader who has had experience let me know what would be a good cure for smoking? I smoke an average of five packages of cigarettes a day.
H. G.

Pensions.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The young men that enlisted in the civil war after '63 went with the same spirit as earlier soldiers, and at the present time many of them are old and without means of support for their families and do not want to be separated from their people. In less than ten years there will be very few remaining. I, as an old soldier, say: Let there be no distinction. Every man that enlisted for the civil war, no matter how long he served, if he has an honorable discharge is entitled to a day pension.
WILLIAM BROWN.

An Unruly Daughter.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Mothers, what can be done with a girl eighteen years old who will only work at times, and will never give us any money for her board nor buy any clothes for herself, but takes her mother's clothes and wears them? Her mother is a hard-working woman and can hardly earn enough to support herself and two small children.
J. S. G.

This Spring's New Hats.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 40—MEYERBEER'S "DINORAH."

DINORAH, a beautiful Breton peasant girl, was betrothed to Hoel, the huntsman. For a time the two were very happy in their love. Then clouds appeared. Hoel had been told by a seer that a mysterious treasure was hidden somewhere amid his native hills, and that he would be miraculously led to it by a white goat. Dinorah saw little of Hoel while he prepared for his treasure hunt. And she sorrowed at his seeming indifference. Dinorah's little white goat, Behah, ran away. Dinorah, pursuing it through the mountains, came at nightfall to the hut of Corentino, a rustic musician. The timid musician was frightened at sight of her and believed his visitor to be a spirit. She teased him by fostering this belief and made him play for her while she danced. Then, as the musician sank back in a swoon of terror she escaped through the window, just as Hoel knocked at the door.

Hoel had come seeking the seer who had told him of the treasure. But the old man was now dead and Corentino was the tenant of his former hut. Hoel, though disappointed, suggested that the seer's musician should accompany him on the quest. Corentino in vain refused. The huntsman insisted on his going. Dinorah's lost goat strayed over the nearby hill just then, and Hoel, believing the seer's prophecy was coming to pass, compelled Corentino to join him in following the supposedly phantom animal.

Days and weeks passed. No word came from the absent Hoel. Dinorah went mad through grief at her lover's disappearance. Seeking him, vainly, through the moonlit wood one night, the crazed girl caught sight of her own shadow on the ground. Believing it to be a living companion, she sang and danced with the black, wavering shape. Then, as a cloud crossed the moon and the shadow vanished, she burst into tears at loss of her imaginary playmate, and wandered on in her mad search for Hoel.

Meantime, the huntsman and Corentino had journeyed far in their treasure chase. Late one night they reached a ravine, at whose bottom lay a lake. A thunderstorm was brewing. This was the spot and the hour when, according to the seer's prophecy, the treasure would be found. At the stroke of midnight, it was arranged, Corentino was to descend to the bottom of the ravine for the gold. Corentino, frightened at the weirdness of the scene and the approach of the thunderstorm, begged not to be sent down into the black void and was for turning back—the more so since a mystic voice could be heard singing warningly through the darkness. The voice was Dinorah's. In her wanderings she had come to the ravine. She, too, had often heard the legend of the treasure. In her wild song she told Corentino (what Hoel already knew) that whosoever should first touch the gold must die within the year.

The musician now saw the fatal use to which Hoel had sought to put him. Coming across Dinorah, part way down the gorge, the musician persuaded her to go in his stead for the treasure. Too late, a flash of lightning revealed to the horrified Hoel his sweetheart crossing the bridge into the ravine. Even as the frantic lover shouted her name the bridge gave way and she was hurled into the torrent below.

Seeking all night, Hoel at length found Dinorah's senseless form in the ravine and bore it to the forest above. There, at dawn, the girl recovered consciousness. But the shock had served a good purpose. Little by little her memory and intelligence returned. She forgave Hoel freely for his desertion, and allowed him to lead her back to the village, where her girlhood friends merrily dressed and adorned her for the long-delayed wedding.

The story of "Parsifal" will be published Tuesday.

Lawyer Littleton's Juror Story.

"I was in the far West," he said, "in the distant days before our Western percentage of illiteracy had fallen to be the lowest in the world. A juror had been selected in a murder trial, and they were about to swear him in when the judge, to be on the safe side, bethought himself to say to the man: 'I trust, sir, you fully understand the duties and responsibilities of a juror?'"

"Straightening himself up to his full height, the man nodded calmly and replied: 'I'm a plain chap, and I believe in being fair to all. I don't go by what the lawyers say, and I don't go by what the judge says, but I look carefully at the prisoner in the dock, and I say to myself: "He must have done something or he wouldn't be here," so I bring 'em all in guilty.'"—Washington Star.

The Chorus Girl Tells of the Robin Dopey McKnight Saw in Long Acre Square

By Roy L. McCardell.



"DOPEY McKnight came into the flat all excited the other morning at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, just when everybody was getting up, and he was all excited!" said the Chorus Girl.

"He was singing that the spring had come, tra la la. And when Mamma de Branscombe came out in what she calls her pignor and was going to crack his nut for him for disturbing her beauty sleep, Dopey just said the spring had come, tra la la la, because he had saw a robin in Long Acre Square."

"He said to hit him if she wasn't afraid of breaking her hairbrush, but he had seen a robin four feet high, coming out of the Hotel Astor, and then he sat down at the piano and played Mendelssohn's spring song with variations."

"When we get a chance to ask him to restrain his transports and pish tush for the robin thing, he burst into tears and said it was cruel to accuse him that way, because he not only had saw the robin, but the robin had sung a roundelay."

for him. Well, if it wasn't a roundelay, Dopey says, it was the next best thing, because the robin had asked him to have a drink, and on such a basis who would not welcome the harbinger of the boyhood of the year?"

Now, Mamma de Branscombe is as pudent as she can be with Dopey, so long as Old Man Moneyton pays his room rent regularly. All she asks is that he mustn't expect to occupy his room when she has company, as we generally have, and that he won't kick if he gets no meals regularly; but coming in and saying it was a robin he seen and that it was a great big robin four feet high, was too much for her nerves.

"Dopey cried worse than ever and said it was a shame that everybody tried to crab poetry and romance around the snare the way we did, and he would admit that it might not have been a robin, but Mr. A. L. Erlanger wearing a red waistcoat, but he couldn't see why he wasn't allowed to have his raves."

"Just for that, Dopey said, he'd come out before company wearing his socks outside his shoes, because they were so far gone at heel and toe they looked like spats, and if Mr. Erlanger wearing a red vest didn't look like a robin in the springtime, what did he look like?"

"Mamma de Branscombe said he looked like ready money, and that's more than a lot of other people looked like she had met lately, and she supposed that Dopey had been gink enough to tell Mr. Erlanger that Amy was considering an offer to appear at the Circle Music Hall in April as a show girl, that's if they'd

take her, when Mr. Erlanger was just crazy to have her go in one of his new productions."

"And that reminded us that we should go up and see Gus Edwards and get taken on at the Circle, because it was liable to be the place this summer, especially as Harry Louder was booked to appear there, so we hear."

"I don't see that, Amy, and Amy can't get in the new Turquoise stock at the Circle, because if I ain't got a good figure who has? And Amy de Branscombe may not be so pretty off the stage, but she knows the gentle art of making up. Besides, before he takes over the Circle for good and all Gus Edwards is running what he calls 'Bohemian Sunday Nights,' and we were up at the first one as guests of the Hungry Club. We seen a lot of the old push there wearing their society shrouds. One of the first we seen was Mr. Redmug, the bohemian. We didn't recognize him at first, because he's had an ulcerated tooth and had stopped drinking on one side of his mouth, and the west coast of his map was some pallid."

"As that side was turned to us, we'd passed him without speaking, only we recognized his full-dress shirt. Archie Gubb drew a ballet girl on it with a fountain pen four years ago at the Edenia Club the night the toastmaster got hit over the head with a loving cup."

"Something always happens when them bohemian evenlarks of good fellowship is pulled off, and this occasion was no variation. The matter at them bohemian affairs is 'Talk to your neighbor.' And when you do and toast some lady across the room her husband, who is separated from her, but who won't hear no reflection clucked at his bride so long as she lets alimony and bygones be bygones, starts to mix it with the escort of the authoress of said reflections."

"This night at the Edenia it all began by Puss Montgomery insulting Mr. Redmug in a playful manner when he said that as he was so popular with the ladies he'd be getting a lot of kisses, and Puss Montgomery said he members of the Bulldoze Club was present."

"At which words Mr. Redmug lost his temper and made some fierce assertions. Puss Montgomery kept her temper beautifully, because she had just had her hair dressed and couldn't afford to get violent and maybe get it all disarranged. But I pity Mr. Redmug if he'd had three days' wear out of her Marcelling and had the price of another one. She'd forgot she was a lady."

"That's why I don't believe in them bohemian clubs, and that's why the Edenia went down last night. The Sunday night diners saw more people matched at catchweights than goes on at the Sharkey Athletic on Friday nights."

"Dopey McKnight says that the reason them bohemian affairs breaks up in fights is because people, instead of taking a few careless insults or a smack in the map in the spirit of good fellowship, starts to hand back what was handed to them, and that self-satisfaction is the worst law of nature."

"Do you like bohemian affairs, or are you addicted to fool?"

The Capture of New York Not So Easy as Lieut. Johnson Figured It Out.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

THE article by Lieut. Johnson with regard to the possibility of a German army invading New York within a few days is one that I would like to see more fully debated before being willing to admit the correctness of the statement as a whole.

I know little about modern warfare, but would like to call attention to the following: War is declared on the 18th of June. Three days later, June 21, a fleet of warships and transports are embarking horses and men at Rockaway Beach. From this we would have to understand that the fleet left Germany with the view to capturing New York seven or eight days before war was really declared, and that the fitting up of the fleet began probably a month before war was actually declared.

It may be possible to capture New York during the absence of the Atlantic fleet that is now in the Pacific, but at any rate I feel confident we would be better prepared and there would be more resistance than Mr. Johnson's article at the time of sailing, if not before. This would give us at least eight, or nine days to concentrate what ships we

have on the Atlantic coast, to prepare the forts and coast defenses and to concentrate as many of the regular troops in New York as would be possible within so short a time. The National Guard troops all over the country would have plenty of time to get in and around New York by the time of the arrival of the hostile fleet—that is, those within five or six hundred miles of New York. There are 15,000 State troops in this State alone which, added to the regular troops, hastily formed companies of amateur fighters, the regulars and the State troops of the surrounding States, ought to present a fairly good front. I believe more faith should be placed in the Sandy Hook fortifications; then there are mines, torpedoes, etc., that must be considered.

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EDWARD C. BURKETT.

Making Assurance Doubly Sure.

A SEVEN-year-old had a great appetite for buckwheat cakes, and could stow away an amazing number. One morning his grandfather, who was watching the performance, asked:

"Have you ever in your life had all the buckwheat cakes that you could eat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Lots of times I've felt I'd had enough."

"How do you tell when you have had enough?"

"I just keep on eating until I get a pain, and then I eat one more to make sure."—Christian Register.

The Newlyweds and Their Baby

By George McManus.

